Volume LXV CHICAGO, JULY 21, 1910 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Announcements

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

Studies I. The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion.

II. Recent Poets, Geographically Classified, viz., Poets of Canada, Australia, California, the South, the Middle West, and the Anonymous and Obscure Poets.

III. Composition, Oral and Written. A Two Weeks' Course in Practical Pedagogy, July 18-August 1, by Miss Charity Dye, of the Indianapolis High Schools.

July 17. Opening Sermon by Mr. Jones, 2:30 p. m. From Luther to Emerson.

July 31. Grove Meeting. Forenoon and Afternoon Meetings with Picnic Dinner.

August 12, 13 and 14. Annual Woman's Conference and Closing Meeting of the Summer School.

For further particulars address Tower Hill Summer School, Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

THE PEOPLE AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.

Four Sermon-Lectures by Rev. E. A. Rumball, of the Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y., soon to appear in Unity, as follows:

1. Who are the People and what is Social Justice?
2. Do the People Want Social Justice?
3. Who are the People that are for and against Social Justice?
4. How May the People Obtain Social Justice?

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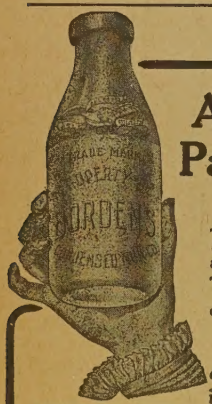

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXV. THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1910. NUMBER 21.

Am I thrown among associates who breathe a lower atmosphere, and who appeal to incentives which in my heart I cannot honor as the best? My secret ideal stands before me as it never did before; and, in my compunction if I am weak, in my resolution if I am strong, its authority looks down upon me with living eyes of pity or help. Am I admitted into the company of greater and purer men, who move among the upper springs of life? The whole secret and sanctity of life seem to burst upon me at once and I find how near the ground is the highest I have touched and how the steps of possibility ascend and pass away, and lose themselves in heaven. This is the discipline, this the divine school, for the unfolding of our moral nature—the appeal of character without to character within.

—*James Martineau.*

Russia still further encroaching upon the liberties of the Finns, Spain still striving to free itself from the fetters of a tyrannical ecclesiasticism, the United States trying to justify its invasion of the islands of the Pacific on the plea of "benevolent assimilation" or a "benign tyranny for the good of the subjects," are "modern instances" of "kicking against the pricks." The stars in their courses are working on the other side. The tyrannized over, not the tyrants, are being blessed by these processes.

The *"Homiletic Review"* for July has a sensible note on "Extra Luggage," which serves as unnecessary impedimenta in the journey of life. Profanity, tobacco, worldly cares and possessions, are enumerated as superfluous baggage. It remembers also that "There are beliefs that are little more than extra luggage of the intellect." Perhaps no profession is more over-loaded with "luggage" that the ministerial. The creeds of the churches are largely impedimenta. The denominational loyalties and enthusiasms are hard to carry along at a reasonable rapid traveling gait. When the devout reduce their theological baggage to the requirements of light marching order, they become effective. The theological schools of the land ought to have much to do in teaching coming preachers to reduce their baggage.

"Vigilance," which is the successor of *"Philanthropist,"* for July contains a revealing study of the social evil in New York City, made by the Committee of Fourteen, organized in 1905 for the study of law enforcement in this direction. Forty-two laws, charter provisions and ordinances came under their consideration. The one clear and revolutionary conclusion arrived at is that not the sexual passions of men and women, but the lust of business is the prime enemy to decency in this direction. Not the vices of the flesh, but the exploitation of these vices for profit, is the most painful and most hopeless element in the problem. Says the Commission, "This cupidity is a baser sin than the lust on which it preys." It is not vice, but commercialized vice, that is so defiant to law and order. What is true of the social evil is true of the drink habit. It is the money that sober men make out of the drunkard that inspires the wholesale violation of law.

We join with *Hampton's Magazine* in saying:

> If Roosevelt would go down in history as one of the prominent figures of all ages, let him be recorded on Time's scroll as the "Man who brought about world's peace." Roosevelt has the ability to do this.

We believe that Roosevelt might do much in this direction, but with all his power and the enthusiasm generated by the same in the United States, we fear there is a radical disqualification in the make-up of this man which must be absent from the great peace-maker. His belief in force, his combative habit, his joy in shooting, his bumptious pride of the spirit, go far toward discounting his influence and vitiating his arguments for peace. Roosevelt is a great man. He has done great things, and great things are yet to be expected of him, but the crowning greatness of gentleness, patience and sweet reasonableness must be found in a transcendent degree in the great peace-makers for whom the world is waiting.

In another note we have spoken of the commercialization of vice. It is almost as gruesome to study the commercialization of grief. Of all grim trusts, the "coffin trust" is the grimmest. We have before called attention in the pages of UNITY to the work done by the Rev. Quincy L. Dowd, in the way of arousing an interest in burial reforms. Largely through his activity a special committee has been appointed by the City Club of Chicago to take this matter into consideration and to help in the work of lightening the burdens imposed by death, which are heavy enough at best. Conventionality is always a tyranny, but the conventions of the funeral are among the most depressing. O, the cost of it! The sham of it! The show of it! The vulgarity of it! Many years ago the editor of UNITY voiced his protest in a little pamphlet entitled "The Selfishness of Grief," which has had a wide circulation, and which is still obtainable through UNITY office, and

we venture to call attention to it again in connection with this timely discourse on "The League of Compassion," by our colleague, Mr. Dowd, printed in another column.

UNITY has always delighted in exploiting the Summer School. As will be seen in another column, the Editor in Chief spent the first week of July on the campus of the great "Summer School of the South," clearly in its way the most successful summer school in America, which is possibly saying in the world. This is the ninth session, and Superintendent Evans of Augusta, Ga., in his opening address, said, "Between seventy-five and eighty thousand persons have felt the direct influence of this summer school, and as many more indirectly, and a quarter of a million children are every year affected by it." At the present, over ninety people are included in its faculty lists, and innumerable courses of instruction are offered, reaching from kindergarten, through manual training, up and out to university courses. Exhibits of school work, libraries, and all the appliances of a busy, happy school community life are in evidence, all of which are directed by a master mind, a born teacher, an enthusiastic southern man who has worn away all marks of provincialism, one who is a modern, a cosmopolitan, a contagious spirit,—P. P. Claxton. "The Summer School of the South" at Knoxville, Tenn., is the best expression of the new South yet reached. It and Professor Claxton are national assets, to be rejoiced in and to be emulated.

UNITY hastens to join in the congratulations that are extended to Ella Flagg Young, the newly elected president of the N. E. A. She deserves the honor so enthusiastically given her in Boston. She enters upon an office which she will grace with hard labor, sagacity and efficiency. But our respect for Mrs. Young and our joy over her triumph promptly carry us beyond the personalities of the situation. It is a triumph for women. It is a tardy recognition of the beautiful fact that the educational destinies of America are now held, and have been held for many a year, in the hands of women. It is no perversion of civilization and no menace to education or to progress that perhaps ninety per cent of the public school teachers in the primary, grammar and high schools of the United States are today women, and they are there to stay. Women are by divine appointment the guides and guardians of youth. The "school ma'ams" are the school mothers of America, exercising the divine functions of motherhood under the support of the state and with the sanction of the church. We know of no more gracious, tender, beautiful title to be given to virgin motherhood than that of "school ma'am." We love the word. Its connotations, to the present writer, at least, are those of gentleness, wisdom and self-denying service. In the election of Mrs. Young to the presidency of the great educational fraternity of the United States, the "school ma'am," the plain, hard working public "school ma'am" is glorified. Let all the citizens of all the states endorse the action of the Boston Convention with a hearty Amen.

Goldwin Smith,—this was a name more familiar to the readers of current news and literature in the United States forty years ago than now. Then it represented not only a progressive but an aggressive Englishman, a radical scholar, a fearless democrat, who during the War of the Rebellion knew well the side to which he belonged. In painful contrast to most of the scholars and public men across the waters, he championed the cause of the Union. He hated slavery and said so. When the young University of Cornell was established, he left his high position in Oxford and came to teach English history to the young men of the United States. He brought his large private library with him and gave it to the university. When he retired from the active chair in Cornell University, he took up his home in Toronto, and, to the end of a long life, stood for the justice of the Republic, dreamed on, and worked for an expansion of the same, until the Republic of America would reach from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay. He was a radical in religion, as well as in politics, and when in the fulness of years he fell on sleep, he bequeathed his estate of a million dollars to Cornell University. Goldwin Smith's memory will be cherished as a prophet of the new patriotism wherever civilization is or is to go. The stone seat which he caused to be erected on the campus of Cornell University bears the inscription,

"ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY."

This is a motto as inspiring and satisfying in religion as it is in politics. Nothing less than this can fill the heart or satisfy the judgment of the truly educated man.

The recent successful missionary itinerary of the Rev. Dr. John Hunter of Glasgow among the Universalist churches of the United States is an event that deserves more comment at the hand of the religious press than it is likely to receive. Dr. Hunter is an impressive preacher, and he delivered a quickening message in many of the leading cities in the United States and Canada. But that is not the most significant fact in connection with his visit. Dr. Hunter is a minister in good and regular standing of the Congregational Fellowship of Great Britain, and he made his itinerary in America among the Universalist churches. This is an exchange of courtesies which could not be realized in the United States without much anxious protest, notwithstanding the boast of the Congregational church of its large number of liberalized ministers. It is still regarded a daring thing in the United States

for a minister allied to the Trinitarian Branch of the Congregational church to exchange pulpits with a minister allied to the Unitarian or Universalist branches of the same church. When Dr. Gladden, Dr. Gordon, or any of their numerous colleagues inside of the so-called orthodox churches, will freely and frankly exchange with their brethren of the so-called heterodox camp, the intellectually intelligent and the ethically earnest laymen will be better able to adjust themselves to church privileges and to reconstruct their estimate of preachers and the preaching function. The theological Mason and Dixon's line is a thing of the past. The most expert ecclesiastical surveyor could not locate it to the satisfaction of those dwelling to the north or to the south of it. Evidence of this tendency, this "straw" may indicate the direction of the current. On the first Sunday of this month the Senior Editor of UNITY spoke to large audiences in a Baptist church in the forenoon and a Methodist church in the evening, and when last heard from, no serious damage was done. Brethren of the ministry, let us salute each other across the line as soon as possible.

The question of negro labor is taking on some new phases in the South. It is argued that under the present system of education, the negro has gone back rather than forward. Fortunes have been donated by philanthropists for intellectual and moral uplifting, and the result has been degeneration. The *Southern Ruralist,* in a strong editorial, urges that the work of Booker Washington should be expanded and spread over the whole South. It argues that negroes must be attracted to the farm, and that on the farm they should be trained to become skilful and effective laborers. The work is to be attempted systematically by a few competent negroes, with the co-operation of Prof. Parks, director of agriculture in Clark University. There will be no effort made to take the colored man away from his work, or away from his home; but the work will be done by him and for him on the farm itself. On a given Saturday afternoon, on selected plantations, the principles of farm procedure will be taught, right up to date. It is thought that each farm will in this way be made an object lesson for laborers on other farms in the neighborhood. It is to be an effort by negroes, for negroes; and it speaks highly for the work of Booker Washington, that it has already produced enough good teachers and leaders to make such a movement as this possible.

E. P. P.

If Lord Kitchener is to speak for those who believe in brute force. let Secretary Knox speak for the coming age of moral force. Kitchener thinks that each nation must be prepared to whip every other nation—not counting on the possible combinations and alliances; which absurdity is really what all civilized nations are just now aiming at; and his vision of the future is one "made peaceable by force of arms." This reminds us of the old-time government of families and of schools by the rod. Even, says Kitchener, with an international agreement for peace, "some force must exist to punish offenders." All of which proves, if it proves anything, that we ought to have an *international army;* to be used only by international agreement. That is a rifle's range ahead of the present fools' effort of each nation, to exhaust itself on navies and armies in time of peace. Knox believes in disarmament, and the establishment of a court of arbitral justice, to which the nation, to exhaust itself on navies and armies in time their controversies. With the establishment of such a court he would not merely reduce armament, but make large armaments unnecessary. Mr. Knox would have a permanent tribunal, in permanent session, and the expenses of the court borne by the nations jointly. The court should be composed of judges, standing for all the leading nations, and such a court he believes would develop international law just as the common law was developed by national tribunals. We believe that Secretary Knox stands in alignment with the best thought and the soundest judgment of the present age.

E. P. P.

"A Sane Fourth!"

This has been a newspaper slogan for several years. This year a sincere beginning has been made in Chicago and elsewhere. In Chicago there was much agitation, a real attempt on the part of the mayor and the police force to reduce the sale of explosives and to offer a substitute to the small boy for the ear-cracking excitements of the giant fire-cracker and its murderous kindred. A generous amount of money was subscribed by the business houses and men of wealth. A great amount of labor was expended in arranging for a spectacular parade; "floats," representing civic, historical and humorous scenes, were provided in generous number. The United States contributed its military forces to make the show impressive. Grant Park for many days before the Fourth had been converted into a military camp, the forces usually quartered at Fort Sheridan were on exhibition, and of course were the admiration of the silly young woman and the envy of the small boy and the sweated youth who came from the grime of the shop to study the well groomed, orderly and spotless life of the camp.

The procession was all that it promised to be, "a grand success." Of course a city of two million people and more promptly congested all the downtown streets, and the line of march justified the wildest rhetoric of the reporter. Of course, "It was lined by miles and miles of delighted humanity." Old and young, rich and poor, enjoyed the pageant which was reviewed by the Commanding General of the Depart-

ment of the Lakes, the Governor of Illinois, the mayor, and their respective staffs.

But all this effort to evade an insane Fourth came very near toppling over into an insanity more insane than that it aimed to avoid. Chicago, as usual, in its determination to do a thing, had to overdo it. As a matter of fact, while there was some reduction in the list of fatalities and serious accidents from an attempted suppression of the giant cracker and the toy pistol, there was plenty of powder left to create a long list of accidents, runaways and prostrations, and the suppression of the fire *cracker* left more money for the fire *works*. The fire department reported officially that more calls had been sent in during the afternoon and night of the Fourth of July than on any preceding Fourth, and the recommendation has been taken seriously by mayor and council that immediate steps be taken to abolish all explosives and display of fire works within the city limits in future celebrations of the 4th day of July. This step is taken early in order to avoid the usual cry of dealers and manufacturers of great damage to business and a sacrifice of investments already made. This movement undoubtedly is right, and deserves the prompt support of all right-minded citizens. It is greatly to be hoped that the officials will have the courage of their convictions and will dare to take this rational step.

But the primary insanity in the Fourth of July celebration which was so earnestly indulged in in Chicago, is the exploitation of the military. While the soldier is on exhibition, while the cannon and the gun are the center of attraction and the man on horseback is a hero, the Fourth of July will continue to be an insanity, a menace to life, limb and property, a burden to the intelligent, a distraction to the true patriot and a dissipation of civic enthusiasm.

The truth is, the Fourth of July celebration ought to be a great festival of reason. It marks a high exercise of judgment, commemorates hours of splendid deliberation, solemn and thoughtful exercise of conscience and reason. Song and not powder, prayer and oratory and not noise and silly excitements befit the high celebration.

In a great city like Chicago, the scattering and not the aggregation of its citizens should be the aim of those who would direct a sane Fourth. Instead of concentrating the attractions in Grant Park and packing Michigan boulevard and the adjoining streets with uncomfortable humanity, crowding old and young, high and low, men and women, like sardines in a box, the aim should be to multiply the attractions, utilize to the maximum all the available park and play ground centers, throw wide open all the available halls, churches and theaters, and touch all these centers with the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." The schoolmasters and school-mistresses, rather than the saloonkeeper or the purveyor of bon bons should direct at least a portion of the day's exercises.

Even the valor exercised on battle fields, the heroes of our wars, the great captains who led brave men to death in the interest of the flag, should be advisedly commemorated, not by the parading of play soldiery in times of peace, but by the interpretations of the historian, the poet, and the artist.

Chicago made a brave beginning toward a sane Fourth, but it must eliminate its new insanity, cut out the soldiers, discount the martial spirit, utilize the Fourth of July for the disillusion of the imagination in regard to war and all its appurtenances. The Fourth of July should be a great festival of peace, a communion of love and exercise of a fraternity, a world-wide, line-abolishing, sect-destroying and party-ignoring fraternity.

In striking contrast with this Chicago parade of bayonets was the Fourth of July celebration which it was the privilege of the present writer to attend on the campus of the University of Tennesse, in the Mountain City of Knoxville. On the 4th day of July of each year the Summer School of the South, of which we will speak elsewhere, comes to its climax of enthusiasm, its maximum of fraternity, and its most brilliant exhibt of wit and jollity in its celebration of the "Fourth."

Promptly at 9:15 in the morning the students of the various southern states assembled at the designated point of rendezvous, and with their fitting emblems, streamers and flags, the procession, headed by the faculty, moved by states to stirring music. The columns marched around and through the winding ways of the beautiful campus, passing in review by the faculty, and then entered the great pavilion of Jefferson Hall, which seats twenty-five hundred people and was promptly filled, with a comfortable fringe of those who were glad to enjoy standing-room.

After a fitting and impressive introductory service of song and prayer, the roll of states was called alphabetically, from Alabama to West Virginia, each group responding with song, state "yells," wit, fun or serious appeal, as the spirit moved. The Georgia phalanx wore watermelon frontlets. Each Floridan carried a magnificent magnolia blossom. Arkansas waved its sprigs of apple blossom. The Kentuckians wore sashes of hempen fibre. Louisiana wore Panama Exposition hats. Thus for an hour state pride and purpose were exploited with hilarity and with beauty. All attendants north of the Ohio River were grouped as "Our Barbarians," and they, too, had their fun and their spokesman, in the full consciousness that the term, which was applied in bitterness by the fathers and mothers, was used as a term of endearment and spoken with a caressing accent by their children. Twenty-three hundred students reported to this call of the states, after which the Senior Editor of UNITY, a man

from the North, one who marched with Grant's columns through the South in its days of bitterness, gave a "Fourth of July address." He spoke the words of fraternity, delivered as best he could the message of peace, civic progress, national comity and international amity, at the close of which the flags were massed in front of the stage, "America" sung, and the benediction of the place and hour and the great event celebrated was vocalized.

There is but one "Summer School of the South," but with infinite variety of detail the spirit of this Fourth of July celebration at Knoxville could express itself throughout the length and breadth of these United States on every return of the Fourth of July. Of course the great bulk of attendance at this Summer School is made up of teachers, and of course again, an overwhelming percentage of them were women, so that the dominant tones in the choruses were those of feminine voices, and the pictures were largely studies in white. This is also as it should be. The women showed up well. They have too long been kept in the background, made appendices in seasons of patriotism and intellectual festivals. Doubtless, there was the necessary supply of cakes and ice cream back of this Fourth of July celebration on the college campus, or beyond, but they were not obtrusive.

Let the initiative of the Chicago Common Council be imitated everywhere. Let the preparation for a sane Fourth in 1911 be begun now, and let the readers of UNITY take the initiative for a Fourth of July celebration, sans gunpowder, sans bayonets, sans cannon, sans whiskey, sans beer, sans coarseness and profanity and masculine arrogance, with abundant song, wit, pathos, patriotism and the piety that envelops the world in loving comradeship.

THE PRAYER OF BEATEN MEN

"We are the fallen, who, with helpless faces
Low in the dust, in stiffening ruin lay,
Felt the hoof's beat, and heard the rattling traces
As o'er us drove the chariots of the fray.

"We are the fallen, who, by ramparts gory,
Awaiting death, heard the far shouts begin,
And with our last glance glimpsed the victor's glory
For which we died, but dying might not win.

"We were but men. Always our eyes were holden,
We could not read the dark that walled us round,
Nor deem our futile plans with thine enfolden—
We fought, not knowing God was on the ground.

"Give us our own; and tho' in realms eternal
The potsherd and the pot, belike, are one,
Make our old world to know that with supernal
Powers we were matched, and by the stars o'erthrown.

"Ay, grant our ears to hear the foolish praising
Of men—old voices of our lost home-land,
Or else, the gateways of this dim world raising,
Give us our swords again, and hold thy hand."

—*William Hervey Woods.*

THE PULPIT

A League of Compassion

AN ADDRESS BY REV. QUINCY L. DOWD, ROSCOE, ILLS.

Rumor states that superstitious citizens were wont to point at Dante and say, "There goes the man who's been in hell." And I'm thinking my fate may be foreshadowed by his, and children be scared by hearing me spoken of as that "demonaic fellow who dwelt among the tombs."

I have collected abundant data bearing on the growing burden of funeral customs from United States consulates in thirty-five different countries as widely scattered as China and Cape Colony and Japan and Russia, with nearly all lands that lie between. The painstaking reports sent me by our efficient and willing consuls have convinced me strongly that a League of Compassion such as suggested above is America's imperative need.

If the church is a recognized and semi-official agent in the conduct of funerals, then it rightly devolves on her by a union of denominations in the movement to institute a league which shall investigate burial laws and ways in other countries, shall learn what are the state and municipal regulations here at home, and aim to promote simple funerals, shall seek the enactment of uniform laws and schedules of prices for burials, to instruct the people in proper funeral rites, to foster simple and inexpensive choice of coffins and other paraphernalia used in interments, and to urge the building of ublic crematories; also, and most important of all, to obtain the greatest publicity for all these burial laws when enacted, so that when a death occurs funeral schedules detailing each and every item of cost applicable to whatever class of burial, shall be handed to the party obliged to arrange for a funeral.

There are two ideas and two ways of compassion. One is to take things as they are and try to ease people in their existing burdens. The other is to have a compassion with people largely because things are as they are, things which increase burdens and multiply sorrows needlessly. Hence this compassion is busy trying to unloose burdens and to remove unnecessary troubles. A Christian League of Compassion ought to be of this second order when it comes to guiding and protecting the bereaved. Each church, or at least community, owes its service to learn how to do the most and the best good to everybody who by sickness and death in the household is left in want of an experienced, intelligent friendly society. Who does not know that present-day modes of burial involve a heaping up of expensive furnishings and ceremonies that are largely artificial and superfluous?

The strongest popular tendency is for pomp and display to seep down from the rich and fashionable class to those poor and unable. Contrariwise a sensible and deliberate attempt is being made by some wealthy leaders of human modes to moderate all this funeral outlay, and return to simplicity and plainness in obsequies. When Queen Victoria was buried at Frogmore her remains were borne from St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on a gun carriage drawn by a squad of marines. The late Leopold II. of Belgium provided in his will for the simplest style of burial. But the merchants of Brussels, it is reported, insisted that there

should be a most elaborate public funeral to draw thousands of the curious and so give them a day for big sales.

Two modes of funeral prevail: (1) That of a simple religious service at home or in a church, with little or no extra costs to the family for minister and music. (2) That where the church service is more or less ornate and elaborate by mass, candles and other fees which may range from $50 to a modest sum.

Then, too, we find two (or more) modes of undertaking styles in marvelous fashions: (1) There are the plainest coffins and fixings, say for $40, adult size, up to mahogany and rosewood caskets, and cement or stone grave-cell costing—I do not dare to figure what. To these expenses has been added of late years the practice of embalming the corpse, now all but an universal custom with undertakers.

This is generally a wholly unnecessary extra, being for appearance's sake, when there should be no public appearance of a dead body.

It is astonishing the number of items that may be worked into a funeral and burial as now conducted for even people of moderate means.

Likewise there are two ways in use of disposing of dead bodies.

(1) Burial in the ground is the almost universal usage. In fact, taking the country over, no other provision than inhumation is offered.

(2) The other way is that of cremation, or incineration, of the remains. Cremation is steadily growing in favor and use with people who keep informed on social and sanitary points.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that the necessities of burial today with the extravagant costs piled up produce a burden whose infliction on the poor, by far the greater number making up society, is cruel and frightful. To let it go so amounts to well-nigh a crime, being both anti-Christian and anti-social.

Let us see how far we have come from the pure and simple idea about burial by noting that of a Ste. Monica, for example. St. Augustine's mother was dying in a strange land, her two sons watching by her bedside. She said: "Here shall you bury your mother." Augustine tells the story. "My brother spake something, wishing for her the happier lot, that she might die, not in a strange place, but in her own land. Whereat, with anxious look, checking him with her eyes, because he still savored such things, and then looking upon me, 'Behold, saith she, what he saith, and soon after to us both—'Lay this body anywhere, let not the care for that any way disquiet you; this only I request, that you would remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you be.' "

I wish I might relate how some pagan burial usages in honor of the dead were taken over at Rome, with some alteration of sentiment and forms by the Christianized Romans. In the catacombs of Priscilla outside Rome a graffite, or scribbling, on the wall was discovered recently, dating back to February 5, 375 A. D. It reads: "We, Florentinus, Fortunatus and Felix, came here for the cup." Compare this with a writing on a pagan tomb, e. g., of Corpus. The deceased says to any passerby: "Come on! bring you a flask of wine, a glass, and all that is needed for a libation." This would seem to suggest the ancient mode of an "Irish wake." Another says: "Oh, friends (conviviae) drink now to my memory, and wish that the earth may be light on me."

We are told that when Monica, Augustine's mother, visited Ambrose at Milan in 384, the practice of eating and drinking in honor of the martyrs had been stopped by the great bishop, although it flourished elsewhere, crowds of pilgrims going from tomb to tomb with baskets of provisions and flasks of wine drinking heavily." Paulinus of Nola and Augustine stigmatized the abuse. (Lanciani, Pagan and Christian Rome, p. 42, 43.) Then see to what pass burial customs had come in Rome no longer ago than January, 1735. At this time, Clementina, spouse of James III., son of James II., the deposed king of England, died at Rome in great sanctity and favor with the Curia. Her body was exposed on a catalfaque in the parish church, SS. Apostoli. Later, the funeral cavalcade thence to the Vatican was attended by the College of Cardinals in their violet, or mourning, robes. The day before Monsieur Corio, Governor of Rome, issued a proclamation as follows:

"On occasion of the transferment of the mortal remains of Her Majesty, Clementina, Britannic Queen, which will take place tomorrow with due customary solemnity, and with a view of removing all obstacles which might interfere with the orderly progress of the pageant from the church of SS. Apostoli to St. Peter's, I, Marcellino Corio, Governor of Rome and its district —order, command, and give notice to all concerned of whatever sex, or condition of life, not to trespass or intrude over the line of the procession with their coaches, carriages, or wagons, under penalty of loss of the horses besides other punishment for owners of said coaches, etc., etc., while the coachmen or drivers shall be stretched three times on the rack then and there without trial or appeal."

At this funeral the College of Propaganda commemorated the event by an assembly in which the virtues of Clementina were celebrated and sung in twenty languages, including Malabaric, Chaldean, Tartaric and Gregorian. Two monuments were raised to her, one in SS. Apostoli, the other in St. Peter's. Were you to read Story's Roba di Roma, i. e., Things at Rome, which takes one back hardly half a century, it would astonish you the funeral regulations and burdens imposed by the Papacy then in use of the Temporal Power in the Papal States.

In all this tell-tale regarding the attitude of the church toward burial there is no intention of bearing harsh witness against one or another communion in this matter. Rather my object is to draw attention to what is of common notoriety, that instead of adding to heavy burdens of burial charges, or offering no remedy for them, the churches should unite in a League of Compassion, whose purpose shall be to institute a thorough inquiry into modern ways of funeral and burial, so as to work out a plan of remedial legislation to regulate this public business of the care of the dead.

Allow me to call attention to a few surprising facts touching burial customs and costs. (1) Laws in the different states of the Union give a minimum of attention to burial matters. There is no uniformity in various parts of the country, or in different towns, as to the details of burial expenses. This duty toward the living and the dead alike, confessedly a primal public

concern, is left to families alone to care for aided by friends, but really under the almost unrestricted supervision of churches, undertakers and cemetery associations, all going at it in higgledy-piggledy fashion, a sort of scramble of panicky distress, none knowing how to go at it except the undertaker, nor is it known beforehand what the settlement is to be when this trouble and fuss are done with.

(2) Another fact is that the tendency of any trade is to make the most of its business, and this may mean exploiting its forced customers. Undertaking and cemetery associations are run as business, hence are no exception to the rule of charging all the trade will bear. We are not blaming these trades farther than would be just in describing other lines of business. Only it does seem more unfeeling, more harrowing, that people in their times of strain and distress, when most unfit to manage their affairs, should be the unprotected victims of extra and uncalled for burdens which appear as burial extortion when the bills come in.

(3) Again, people are unthinking and inconsiderate in regard to ordering a funeral. Many give way to sentimental and excessive ideas of what is proper respect in treating the body of a loved child or wife. Friends come in and suggest unusual style and rites. The undertaker himself may flatter a wife that her husband's form is exactly adapted to a mahogany casket. I know of this being done. It would be laughable were it not so cryable, what expense, what extravagant, inappropriate doings go along with "undertaking" a burial. Perhaps you recall that two of the Cherry miners when in that living tomb for a week made written request that there might be "bands" (the brass sort, of course) at their funerals.

(4) Moreover, think of the inartistic and outrageous monumental follies perpetrated in our American graveyards and cemeteries. These granite shafts, these marble inanities, these clumsy odds and ends of all sorts of curio shops in stone, how gloomy and peculiar they are. It must give a foreigner horrors to visit a Rose Hill or Waldheim, save that here and there is a modest, artistic piece of work. But think of the wasted millions going into rough or chiseled rock guilty of every offense against taste and fitness. Nature does her best to hide and shadow some of these weights on the memory of the dead.

(5) Then, too, some cemetery associations have schedules of charges that are—what shall one say? State laws and municipal ordinances see to it that it shall be so, saying to the bereaved, "you must bury in certain places and you must conform to the regulations of these chartered cemeteries." The whole thing is given over into the hands of undertaker and cemetery to control with very limited restrictions on them, and so the state washes its hands of further care for a service which of all others the state should make provision for both to guide and to protect the public.

What is a fact rather to our shame and confusion of face is that in other civilized lands, like Switzerland, France, Germany and Italy, these loose, heedless ways obtaining in America do not exist. France has a general law providing for scheduled classes of funerals at fixed prices for each and every service connected with a burial, even to the regulated charge for carriages. At the same time the licensed, or contracted, undertaker is protected in his business in the district for which he has engaged.

Public provision is also made in many large and smaller towns for building crematories, and the charges are quite moderate. In fact, wherever the public takes hold of this business of burial the policy and effort is consistently toward simplicity and economy for all the people.

The Jewish communities in all lands have a commendable repute for their plain and equal way of treating the bodies of the dead. Not but what distinctions between the rich and the poor do creep in among the Jews, too.

What throws a calcium light upon the religious aspects of the burial question is the fact that in ultra-Protestant Prussia and in every country dominated by Catholic influence, cremation is forbidden by law. A consular report from Nuremburg says that the city council has had a committee examining into the merits of cremation as a way of disposing of the dead, and it has voted a large sum to build a crematory. They will go on with the project, and then try the case in the courts, should the government interpose its veto.

Does any one ask now, why ought the church to come forward and assume its Christly function to act as a League of Compassion? Here, surely, is what is worthy of being styled "a man's job." Yes, and it is a job fit for God's church. The cost of a funeral is sure to happen to all of us ere long. Meanwhile, thousands die daily. And the crushing weight of this burial expense falls upon the multitude who can least afford to sustain it. Nor is there any time to lose in doing our part to organize in the public interest.

You have seen in the press the plan just proposed for an undertakers' trust. We would have a public trust which takes over the burial business as a public and sanitary necessity to be controlled and regulated on right terms for all concerned.

The following appeared in one of the Chicago papers this winter:

UNDERTAKERS TO MERGE

Chicago, Dec. 31.—Not only is the cost of living being raised, but Illinois funeral directors propose to increase the cost of burial. Undertakers in a meeting here plan to form a corporation for the purpose of buying up as many undertaking establishments in Chicago and throughout Illinois as possible. Dennis G. Sattler, president, and W. E. Gerry, manager of the Western Casket Company, have offered to buy out undertaking concerns.

Some of the things recommended for a League of Compassion to undertake on behalf of the multitude, such as better laws and better manners in burial, would require a long time to bring to pass, therefore our "league" might attempt a few things near at hand by which to relieve part of the most pressing burdens. Already certain districts, or counties, in Illinois have organized voluntary groups, something like friendly societies, whose members agree to pay, say 10 cents, into the fund upon the death of any of its members. They have made a contract with some undertaker to furnish its members with all burial appointments at a fixed price, say of $40 for an adult, and $20 for a child. In other places the undertaker himself organizes such a society with terms agreed on, and he makes the collection of dues. This is likely to be a very unbusine-

like arrangement open to abuses not easily traced. But it seems to work better than leaving individual families wholly to themselves to provide a funeral at a private bargain with the undertaker.

Surely one or more churches in a city ward, or in a village, could form a burial protective league managed by their worthiest members. They would be in a position to advise with and assist bereaved households in making suitable and economical arrangements for the burial. If practical "leagues" of this description were organized far and wide, soon the study of the subject of funeral customs and costs would become general, and people would awake to the importance of well-devised statutory regulations of burial. Municipalities would own their own cemeteries, and control the business of undertaking in the public interest. There is need of expert legal and law-making direction in all this reform. But we have ample experience to draw upon from what has already been effected in places abroad, whose working plans have approved themselves for a period of years.

One hardly need remark that Congress is on the verge of instituting an investigation into the present increased cost of living in America. But why not add an inquiry as to the increased expense of dying? Economic and social changes, or evils, grow apace, while industrial production and congestion of population intensify the struggle to exist. All this time people sicken and die at about the same old rate per 1,000 of population. Yet only here and there does one of the public realize how enormously the cost of dying has advanced, and the cost of being buried becomes a terror to many.

To the honor of the Jewish people in European lands, segregated, as they often are, and owning, as a rule, their own burial grounds with special laws granted, they have maintained a strict simplicity and economy in their burial rites, the poor being generally treated in burial as are the rich.

It belongs to Switzerland, however, to afford the brightest example of a democratic town, St. Gall, in the Canton of the same name, where burial affairs are administered in ways to insure both due regard for private sentiments and public welfare.

This progressive municipality proceeds on the theory that the death of a person in any community is first of all of public concern. The consular report made by Mr. D. I. Murphy begins with this illuminating statement:

"Funerals in St. Gall are under municipal regulation, and while conducted with becoming propriety, are marked by extreme simplicity. Undertakers, or funeral directors, with their costly hearses, expensive caskets and heavy bills, which seem to be necessary evils in the United States, find no place in the economy of this thoroughly democratic community. Instead, there are the official coffin maker, the official hearse driver, the official grave digger and the official layer-out, whose modest fees prescribed by the regulations are paid out of the municipal treasury. Even graves are provided at the public expense."

And here is what Mr. Murphy reports on "cremation," as provided at St. Gall: "Cremation appears to be gaining in public favor. The crematory, built by a society, is under police regulation. The membership dues are about 39 cents per annum; the entire cost of cremation being $21.23, including coffin, flowers, urn and keeping the ashes for twenty years. Bodies of the poor are cremated without charge, when it is shown it was the wish of the deceased to have their remains so disposed of. There seems to be a widely prevalent idea here that cremation is the only proper way to dispose of a dead body."

There are two practices, which I am persuaded, tend strongly to pomp at funerals and therefore to expensive outlay:

(1) One is the elaborate services of the Roman Catholic church at the funeral and burial of a priest or prelate paid (in supposed honor) to a church dignitary. This makes the church responsible for keeping up excessive burdens to bury the dead.

(2) The other encouragement to high funeral expenses comes from the Mutual Benefit, or Burial Societies. The weekly or monthly dues paid in by members often provide for as large a sum as $300, to be paid at a death, and the whole sum may go for the costs of funeral, church fees, burial lot, and a closing riotous feast.

When it comes to our League of Compassion—what are we going to do about it?

A couplet from Lowell might prod us to action:

> "You'll learn by waitin'
> The chance wun't stop to listen to debatin'."

ADDRESS TO HALLEY'S COMET.

Whence comest thou, lone wanderer of space?
Where hast thou been these more than seventy years?
Hast thou kept up thy present breakneck race
For all that time, or art thou in arrears
And hasting to catch up; does resting place
Allure thee, contrary to what appears?

What millions of long miles thou hast traversed
In the vast cycle of thy headlong flight;
Tiring not, nor hungering nor athirst,
Heeding not times or seasons, day nor night,
Since thy great nebulous ancestor burst
To bring thee forth, a newborn child of light!

Pray tell me whither dost thou go, and why;
What means thy lengthy periodic trip;
Do family connections in the sky
Invite reunion of the cup and lip?
Or does the hope of a "sweet bye and bye"
Tempt thee in sage discovery to dip?

Of scenes celestial what hast thou to say?—
What canst thou tell of realms to men unknown?
Why dost thou keep thy solitary way,
Majestic, silent, luminous, alone?
Art thou, in thy spectacular display,
A special envoy from the "Great white throne?"

And is thy coming one of sad portent,—
Auguring punishment for mortal sins?
Then teach us, if thou canst, how to repent;
Our confidence thy timely visit wins
And freely we accord thee our consent;—
Teach us where Error ends, where Truth begins.

Good cause thou hast beyond a doubt, and time
May make it palpable to mortal ken,
When problems which are now considered prime
Shall seem as simple as the number ten;
And all the multitudinous sublime
Resolves itself into a "where," or "when."

Then I may know; now I can only guess;
Meantime I have the honor to salute;
Aghast at thought of my own littleness,
I bring the admiration of the brute;
Which, if not worship, is not greatly less

To thee, and thy magnificent pursuit.

"Day unto day still uttereth forth speech,
Night unto night its goodly knowledge brings;"
Far as Divinest Intellect can reach,
A grand assembly of created things
In happy unison this lesson teach,
"There is no God but God, the King of Kings."

And thou, what time thou wast assigned a place,
And, lines laid down on which thou since hast wrought,
Hadst thou a fear of possible disgrace,—
Or inward dread of falling into naught?
Not thine to speculate on time and space
Or such phantasmagoria of thought.

Thou wert an agent only; thy concern
Lay in the fact that thou wert not the chief;
What other hadst thou to unlearn or learn?
Thy course might be erratic, long or brief,
Whate'er thy destiny one may discern
That its fulfillment boded thee no grief.

Why then does Man, vain, transitory thing,
With scarce enough of wisdom to reflect,
Beplume himself as with Archangel's wing,—
And arrogate unlimited respect,—
Yet dread each day what any day may bring
And crawl through life in fear almost abject?

Fear, lest the wondrous universe of God
Shall somehow be not just the thing for him;
Fear, lest his staff shall prove no Aaron's rod,
His cup of bliss be filled not to the brim;
Poor child of earth, great grandson of a clod!
Cloud not God's splendor with a sight so dim!

But what of him who gave to thee his name?
Is he still pondering on stars and suns;—
Still trying to trace out thy path of flame;—
Does he yet train his intellectual guns
On works which bring not wealth nor always fame,
But yield a fair return, as Nature runs?

Thou art a mystery, yet thee we know
Better perhaps for what he had to tell;
He aided Superstition's overthrow,
Bear him our thanks, though it should be to hell.
Do thou thine office, grandly come and go.
Our grandest mission is to Buy and Sell.

But, let us not despair, our scope is wide,
And wider still the Cosmos; far above
Our thoughts are Things; may we not feel some pride
Even to dream that some day we may rove
Freely among them, and no thing divide
Us from a heritage of Life and Love?

T. RANDALL.

Correspondence

Dear UNITY:—

I count Mr. Powell among my near and admired friends whose printed word I nearly always read with pleasure and edification, but I must record my surprised and emphatic dissent from his verdict of *Chanticler* in your issue of June 23: "It is the shabbiest nonsense ever put before the public as drama, while the text contains not a line that rises to the height of tolerable literature."

"Shabby" is a bold term to apply to a writer like Edmond Rostand. Did Mr. Powell read, I wonder, the prologue, which catches the reader's delighted attention at once and stirs the sense of expectancy in a new and most suggestive fashion? The farmer folk have locked the house and gone to the fair. The feathered occupants of the barnyard are the only living creatures left, but we humbly believe that there are hearts. Man, in leaving, does not take with him all drama. One can laugh and love without him." Surely our farmer philosopher, of all others, should find both meaning and merit in this point of view.

Chanticler's song to the sun contains many a line that rises far above the level of "tolerable literature" into pure poetry:

"I worship thee, O Sun, whose ample light,
Blessing every forehead, ripening every fruit,
Entering every flower and every hovel,
Pours itself forth and yet is never less,
Still spending and unspent—like mother's love.
Through thee the earthen pot is an enamelled urn,
The cloud hung out to dry a noble banner,
The hayrick by thy favor boasts a golden cape,
And the rick's little sister, the thatched hive,
Wears by thy grace a hood of gold."

The dialogue sparkles with wise and witty sayings. The cock is a vainglorious young creature whose vanity is destined to receive a rude shock, but his tone of confident optimism is one we like to hear in man or rooster. The pheasant hen thinks little of the barnyard, where everything is "poor and dreary and flat." But it is Chanticler's home and nothing that it contains is to him common or unclean. "Nothing is ever the same,—with power to see, capacity to suffer, one may come to understand all things. In an insect death are hinted all disasters. Through a knot-hole can be seen the sky and marching stars." Here are more texts for our naturalist writer and preacher.

I have read the first act of *Chanticler* in Hampton's magazine four times, finding new beauty and wisdom with each reading. This is no mere extravaganza. It is nearer the mark to call it a profound philosophic and poetic drama.

June 26, 1910. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

A Penitent Crow

A correspondent sent the *Youth's Companion* a story of a tame crow named Richie, who once showed a feeling of penitence, or at least a disposition to "make up." He was in the habit of receiving cracker and water from his mistress's window, but sometimes requited the kindness by seizing the tumbler in his bill and hurling it to the ground!

At other times he would enter the room unobserved, and commit such havoc as only crows are capable of—removing the corks from bottles and emptying the contents in perfect torrents over the floor, plucking the pins from the pincushion, and scattering writing materials, letters, and bric-a-brac in every direction.

One day he entered the window, seized an unused pencil, and before the indignant servant could snatch it away from him, flew off with it to a neighboring tree.

His mistress, incensed by this theft, refused to recognize him in any way, and pushed him away from her window when he came for his food. He flew off, and within five minutes appeared again, bearing in his bill the stolen pencil, bereft of its rubber end-piece, but otherwise uninjured. He deposited it with all solemnity on the window sill, and then bowed and cooed in his most captivating manner, evidently begging for a restoration to favor.

The truly great and good in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upward when most burdened.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

Christian Socialists in France.—Returning from listening to Rev. E. E. Carr's discourse at All Souls Church, this Sunday morning, there seems a certain opportuneness in the Christian socialist articles that I find on taking up my Swiss weekly paper, the Geneva Signal. Here, for example, is the good word from Lille, as reported by J. E. Neel:

"Assuredly things have changed in this country. A new day is dawning. When I recall that barely twenty years ago it was a serious question whether pastors could, without embarrassment, take up the study of social questions! And now? Just listen!

"Pentecost Sunday any stranger who might have visited the industrial capital of the North would have witnessed a strange spectacle. He would have seen winding through the streets of Lille a socialist procession at the head of which marched the French free-thinker deputy, Delory, and the English Christian member of Parliament, Keir-Hardie, head of the Labor Party and the stanchest believer in the United Kingdom. In the procession were the pastors of Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing. There, too, mingled with the red flags, were immense banners on which might be read such inscriptions as these: 'We represent 500,000 workers who adore Jesus.—Our propaganda is based on the spirit of Jesus.—We proclaim the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.—Jesus is our master and guide,' etc.

"What was it? Just the reception by the Lille socialists of the English socialists, members of the Brotherhoods, or Christian fraternities, on their way to the Brussels Exposition and accepting, in passing, the hospitality offered by their continental comrades.

"Everyone knows that French socialism is generally irreligious, sometimes even anti-religious. This is not the case on the other side of the Channel. Keir-Hardie, head of the labor party, is an earnest Christian, active and militant. In their discourses at the theater, too, our English brothers made no secret of their religious convictions. MM. Ward, Jews and Hardie distinctly affirmed that they are socialists, that is above all Christians. It is needless to say that in replying to the Englishmen, our comrade, Paul Passy, warmly supported their bold declarations. The founder of Liefra was especially qualified by his personal experience to confirm the witness borne for Christ by the socialists from across the Channel.

"But this was not all: the addresses were followed by songs; and then came something unheard of: hymns, such as "Stand up for Jesus!" alternating with the most beautiful stanzas from the International!

"At length the cortege re-formed and the members of the English fraternities repaired to the Solidarity of Fives, Lille, where they were received by pastors Henry Nick and Elie Gounelle, those indefatigable militants of Christian socialism and social Christianity.

"Was I not right in saying that something has changed in our country? Instinctively I thought of the words of Christ: 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do!' Yes! great things are preparing. The antagonism between Christianity and social progress, so skilfully cultivated by certain leaders, received a mortal blow at Lille. Henceforth it will be no more possible to identify socialist with atheist than Christian with conservative. The future belongs to Christ, to Christ, redeemer of individuals, restorer of nations. . . . to Christ, but to the real Christ, to the Christ of justice and love, to the living Christ, to the loving Christ, to the Christ whose severities toward the well-to-do, the oppressor and the egoist are equalled only by his gentleness toward the disinherited, the world's pariahs, the victims of society. As Keir-Hardie said at Lille: 'The old Gospel must be proclaimed anew, freed from the tinsel with which it has been surrounded by priests of every kind, then it is the most beautiful example that there is.' We add the greatest power, nay, the only power that can save a world hastening toward the abyss, a society demoralized and hypnotized by the vertigo of negation."
negation."

M. E. H.

All arrangments are now perfected for the
Fellowship Summer School
conducted by
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Fay Mills
At Saugatuck, Mich.
July 31 to August 28
The location on Lake Michigan is ideal for a summer outing. Full programs and illustrated circulars may be obtained upon application. Prospective attendants should register at the earliest possible moment, as the accommodations will be limited. Address Secretary, Fellowship School, Saugatuck, Mich.

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South Side
Ball Park

Chas. A. Comiskey, President
Chas. A. Fredericks, Secretary
39th ST. and WENTWORTH AVE.

After July 1st. 1910, at
35th St. and Shields Ave.
New Ball Park.

HOME GAMES OF THE WHITE SOX FOR THE SEASON OF 1910.

WHITE SOX AT HOME

ST. LOUIS (BROWNS)—July 1, 2, 3, 4, 4, Sept. 12, 13.
DETROIT (TIGERS)—July 29, 30, 31, Sept. 11, Oct. 6, 8, 9.
CLEVELAND (NAPS)—May 8, 29, June 25, 26, Sept. 5, 5, Oct. 1, 2.
WASHINGTON (SENATORS)—June 10, 11, 12, 13, Aug. 5, 6, 7, 8, Sept. 26, 27, 28.
PHILADELPHIA (ATHLETICS)—June 15, 16, 18, 19, Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, Sept. 23, 24, 25.
NEW YORK (HIGHLANDERS)—June 3, 4, 5, Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16, Sept. 19, 20, 21.
BOSTON (RED SOX)—June 6, 7, 8, 9, Aug. 9, 10, 11, 12, Sept. 15, 17, 18.

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Hillside Home School

"Yn enw Duw a phob daicni"

Prospectus for 1910-1911.

PRINCIPALS: ELLEN C. LLOYD-JONES, JANE LLOYD-JONES.

Voice of Country Side

I teach
The earth and soil
To them that toil,
. . .
The plants that grow,
The winds that blow,
The streams that run
In rain and sun
Throughout the year;
And then I lead
Through wood and mead,
Through mould and sod
Out unto God
With love and cheer
I teach.

—*Dr. L. H. Bailey, in "Outlook to Nature."*

CALENDAR FOR 24th YEAR
1910—1911

Fall term arrivals, Monday and Tuesday, September 19 and 20, 1910.
Enrollment and classification, Wednesday, September 21.
Christmas recess begins Friday, December 16. Work resumed Tuesday, January 3, 1911.
Easter recess begins Friday, April 7. Work resumed Tuesday, April 18.
School closes, June 15, 1911.
Terms, $450 per year.

This school is co-educational, non-sectarian, progressive and thorough. It prepares for universities and colleges, and for life. It recommends itself by its results: its success in the development of character, in the development of strong, normal bodies, and in the development of mind that gives the power to think and reason.

ITS COURSES:

The five different courses are planned with great care and exactness, so that each will give a broad development—resulting in the power to think and in the skill to do. Two of these courses are planned for those who do not expect to enter college, and the individual need of the student receives the first consideration. The limited number of students and the large corps of teachers make it possible to give individual attention when needed.

ITS LOCATION:

The school is located in the healthful region of Southern Wisconsin, on a valley farm, thirty-five miles west of Madison, three miles and a half from its nearest station, Spring Green, on the Prairie du Chien division of the C. M. and St. P. Railroad.

The Hillside Valley is a part of the Driftless Area and has great physiographic and geologic interests, affording unusual facilities for the study of the sciences, while the farm makes possible the approach of the fundamental problems of life from the side of experience and observation. The great laboratory of the out-of-doors makes clear and interesting the studies of the class-room. The pupil becomes acquainted first-hand with the object of his study. In his surroundings he sees the life-history of plant, insect, and bird. The location has also great historical interest, for it figures largely in the history of the Northwest Territory.

ITS EQUIPMENT:

The school plant consists of a central home building, containing the common dining-room, parlors, library, and rooms for the larger girls; a home building for the larger boys; two cottages, one for the smaller boys and one for the smaller girls. Each building is in charge of competent teachers who are also the home-makers of that particular group. There is also a school building equipped with science laboratories, gymnasium, shops, home science kitchen, art and music rooms. The entire plant has water-works, is heated by steam and lighted by gas.

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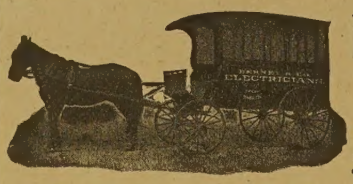

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